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Macdonald College Magazine

Summer Issue

VOL. 22 NO. 3

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Vol. XXIJ No. 3

Macdonald College Magazine

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Macdonald College Magazine

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Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten, by the Students of Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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THE

MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

"MASTERY FOR SERVICE"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XXII **SUMMER** **No. 3**

EDITORIAL

WITH this issue most of the Magazine Board lay down the reins of office, cast aside the quill, or choose, perhaps, some other trite phrase after a term's assiduous avoidance of them, to express the fact that the old order changeth——.

We hope that the magazine has not suffered from our association with it: financially, at least, it has gained. With due modesty, but pride nevertheless, we are able to report a gain of some four hundred dollars in two years. The duties of the Advertising Manager during these two years of business depression have been particularly difficult, but it is due chiefly to his activities that such a gain has been possible. Suggestions of the Business Manager and an editorial policy of economy contributed also, so we are all enabled to look back with no qualms, and to say truly that we have enjoyed the privilege and the experience.

"We trust," as Dickens, "that, throughout our work, no incident or expression occurs which would call a blush into the most delicate cheek, or wound the feelings of the most sensitive person. If any amusement has been afforded—we would indeed be proud and happy to have led to such a result."

THIS FOWL BUSINESS

By NORRIS HODGINS

HENS Belong to the Animal Kingdom, though they have no teeth. Cows have no teeth in the upper storey, but may be distinguished from hens through the fact that the latter have feathers and can fly, while the former have not and cannot. "If cows could fly—" is an old proverb which merely proves this statement true. Teeth are often a great source of annoyance, getting trampled upon and broken if false, and giving rise to rheumatism, arthritis and moon-blindness if left in the gum. Four out of five are said to suffer from pyorrhea.

Hens are divided into four main groups or breeds: Plymouth Rocks, Guinea Fowls, Bantams and Roosters, of which the Roosters crow vigourously and at unusual hours, while the Guinea Fowls are said to be gallinaceous. All hens have gizzards (see "Thousands Perish in Storm on Canadian Prairie"), but none have hands, which is fortunate since they have no pockets to put them in as have kangaroos. The latter are droll mammals and live in Australia and other zoological gardens when not hurtling through the atmosphere.

The Japanese are said to sleep with their bodies recumbent on the pavement and their heads reposing on blocks of wood; hens, on the other hand, habitually sleep sitting up (or down, as the case may be) on clothes line ropes, car bumpers and branches of trees, with their heads resting on nothing. This accounts for their early rising.

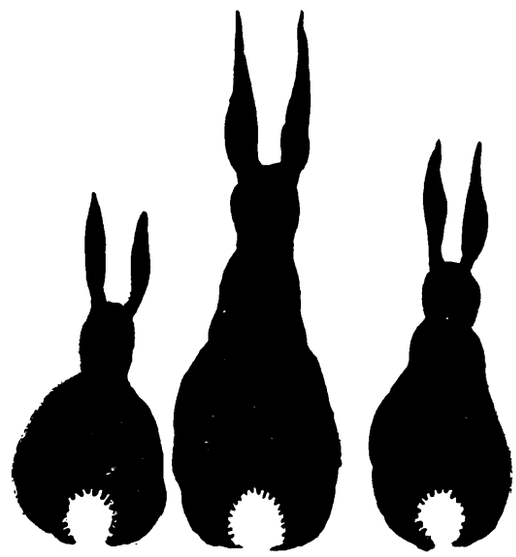
Farmers and others who keep them for a living soon find that hens are very delicate, frequently getting the pip or being run down by motor trucks, which they do by changing their minds while crossing the highway and fluttering into the front wheels with notable abandon.

In isolated districts, like Iceland, Islington and Isle Bizard, where there are no motor vehicles, it is customary for hens to have their heads chopped off by irate gardeners. Some hens run around for a time after they've been decapitated, uttering confused and indistinct cries, which is, of course, absurd. There are many ways of cooking fowls, but I like them best when boiled and served with dumplings.

Like frogs, fishes and flies, hens sometimes lay eggs, a nutritious food welcomed by curates. This they do by sitting still for a considerable period and then leaping to the ground with a loud cackling noise, whereupon the whole flock bursts into cacophonous rejoicing, leading the frugal housewife to envision dozens of this succulent fruit. This is immoral—not on the part of the frugal housewife, of whose morals we have no knowledge, but on the part of those fowls that have cackled without laying. No one has ever been able to find out what a hen thinks of when she is sitting on the nest.

Hens are quite easy to feed. While they will thrive on almost anything except vinegar, floor paint, aspirin or steel wool, all of which tend to clog the blood stream and to set up indoctrination in the pancreas, they prefer garden seeds, alfalfa, marbles, wall plaster, broken crockery, sunflowers, corned beef, baked potatoes, oyster shells, angle worms and gravel. Fish also like angle worms, but swim in the water, which hens never do. Hens do not take a bath, even on Saturday nights.

On the other hand, ducks and geese go swimming and are carried off by foxes, mink and other marauderers. The moral of this bathing business is not very clear, but then hens are seldom troubled by morals. In fact, they don't even practise monogamy.



EXTREME FUSSING

Since two parties are involved in *any* form of fussing, the men would be glad to learn the exact definition of the extreme form which is said to be now rampant, so that they may consider acting with proper decorum should the girls in future decide to indulge in only the milder form.

* * *

No, Miss W-t--re, Kentish hops have *nothing* in common with the Saturday Night variety.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

IT is not often that the college magazine (or, we imagine, any college magazine) receives suggestions from the students for improving their publication. So that when a contribution is received (see last issue) insisting that what the students need is more of the stunt, the slogan, and the glaring headline of the *Montreal Daily Blah,* the Board, after two weeks of celebration declared in honour of the contribution, bend themselves to the student will, read the *Daily Blah,* search for inspiration, and hope for the best.

NOTHING HAPPENS AT MACDONALD COLLEGE

Students And Others Registered Voice Opinions While Pin Drops to Startle the More Nervous

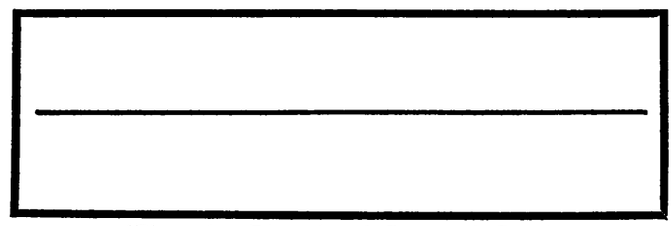
SOME SLEEP - OTHERS SLUMBER

Standing Committees Now Recumbent

(From our Special Correspondent)

At no time yesterday were students alarmed when their voiced and written opinions amounted to nothing. Enquiry showed that things had come to a full stop and a coma, and no developments of any sort were expected.

At the time of going to press it would appear that nobody's right hand knows what his (or her) left hand should be doing.



(Photo by Dissociated Screened Gnus)

The Campus — Just Out of Sight

or

Nobody Knows the Trouble You Don't See.

The photographer, falling under the spell of the pampas, grandpas, or campus, made his mind a complete blank while taking his picture. He says, "It couldn't be no better nohow, and the camera cannot lie." But a camera-man can—and did.

An authority high in official circles said, "I have nothing to say, and no more need be said," and it was rumoured in other quarters that rent is not paid because no corn is grown, but corn is not grown because no rent is paid.

Nobody, in fact, knows nothing of what none of his neighbours is not doing—which is involved, and should be quite conclusive.

It is.

—Yvonne.

The Formal

THE last formal dance was held on April 1st, but, from all accounts, nobody was fooled.

The time of year suggested the *motif;* and in the capable hands of Mr. Stevens and his committee the gymnasium was transformed into a bower which could not but please milady. Strephon, also, was anything but critical of the setting provided for Chloe.

The orchestra apparently was not dismayed on having to step from the primeval forest of the second formal into the dainty glade of the third; but played with a zest inspired of that Spring feeling to make the evening a great success.

Mr. Stevens is to be congratulated on making his formals successful from the point of view of both entertainment and finance,—a rare but happy combination.

I WRITE A FAMILIAR ESSAY

THIS subject brought to my mind the common quotation: "Some men are born great; some become great; and some have greatness thrust upon them." This can be said of persons writing essays. We have in our English literature some splendid essays, and the names of many essayists are household words.

There is, however, another class of essay writers—we cannot call them essayists, since they write as little as possible. To this class belong most college and high school students. They do not write essays because they want to, nor because of a desire to divulge their secret thoughts. They know their essays will not live. It is extremely doubtful if their work will go further than the classroom.

It is not a great task to describe a person, or a portion of the country; to write a criticism, or even to write a "research paper." These are things a student can enjoy doing in the same way that he enjoys writing a physics report. But when he is told to write a "familiar essay" he is, to use a common expression, stumped. "The character of the writer must be brought out. The student must give his own opinions on the subject and tell his likes and dislikes . . . "

A terrifying thought!

* * *

It was in such a frame of mind that I considered my essay. No suitable subject would suggest itself. The evil day, on which it was to be handed in, drew steadily closer. I read

modern essays, seventeenth and eighteenth century essays; but I got no inspiration.

The last day arrived, and the wretched essay had to be written in a hurry. But what was the subject to be? I thought, "Oh well, I might leave it altogether and the worst will be a zero mark." Had I decided on this course at first, the loss of marks would probably have been compensated by a few extra marks in a chemistry or maths quizz.

Blessed Providence! My sister was put to bed with measles that very afternoon, and the doctor forbade me to go to classes or to write letters for at least two weeks! That meant that I could not send in the essay!

"Now," I said to myself, "this must be done before the time comes when I, too, may have measles."

But the annoying question remained—what *could* the subject be?

I went for long walks—to discourage the offending germs. During the course of these walks many topics were considered—and rejected. One day the sky was overcast preparing for a snowstorm. It was a beautiful sky with much character in it. There were the little highlights and dark patches not to be seen in a bright sunny sky. I attempted an essay on "Grey Skies." It was a failure. Hours can be spent in dumb admiration of grey, windswept skies, but what is felt cannot be written for the gain of a few marks.

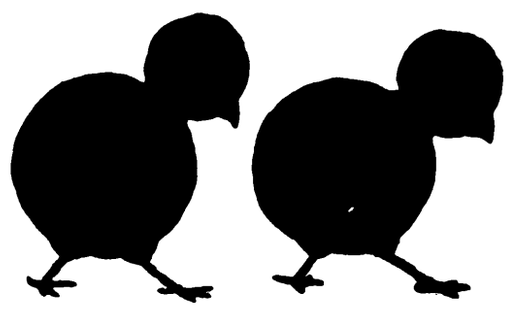
So followed more walks and meditations. I lived in daily dread of being put to bed in a darkened room. At last, one day I said to myself: "This state of affairs must continue no longer."

"It is up to you to alter it," replied an answering voice.

In desparation I snatched up the new Punch and opened it at "Modern English Usage." While reading, it occurred to me that most Punch contributors write in the first person, and usually relate some trivial experience. Why should I not do the same? I ran to my desk, snatched up pen and paper and, before the burst of ambition should leave me, dashed off some drivel that *might* be called an essay.

At least I shall not get a zero mark.

—Amelia Morrison.



ANOTHER GRIMM FAIRY TALE

ONCE upon a time there arrived at the town of One Mountain a lady baby. She was a beautiful child, and a source of great joy to her parents, who, because they were almost crazed with delight, called her Ermintrude Ellen.

She must have been fortunate in her fairy godmothers, for she early showed signs of great understanding; and at fifteen months was daily heard singing as she helped her mother with the housework.

Time served only to make her lovelier, kindlier, and more talented. She played with her young friends, and they loved her dearly, with no marring sparks of jealousy. So great was her influence on her companions that when she left the scenes of her early childhood her parting had a profound effect on her friends. Two little boys she numbered among her playmates: one later went to the Senate, the other to the County Jail.

But Ermintrude E. did more than play. Diligently she studied, until One Mountain could tell her no more.

Her parents had implicit trust in their daughter and in her choice of friends, and had permitted her a certain freedom of action. She had acquired a deep and wonderful philosophy of life, and thirsted to continue her studies.

So she came to a place near to Two Mountains; to a palace containing many more of her kind, which was said to be presided over by three Major Ogres, and one Immediately Responsible Ogre.

She was treated with kindness, and fed with regularity; but her life was changed considerably. The Ogres were not hideous, nor cruel. They ate normal food in a normal manner. But their associate, Discipline, was revolting to Ermintrude Ellen. "A nasty creature," she opined, "who treats me, a woman grown, like a baby."

One evening as she sat at her window contemplating the free and joyous world outside, she felt a great melancholy. Why could she not share its companionship?—why must restrictions always——'

As she watched, a child, flaunting, as it were, an unrestrained zest of living, bowled a hoop across the grass below her.

Tap, tap—I am free! Tap, tap—come out Ermintrude Ellen, you're a big girl—Tap—help me play!

Merciful Heavens! Each tap was a blow at her heart, her pride, her intelligence. She had once been free to come and go. She had had her obligations and had willingly fulfilled them. She was no shirker; her work had always been well done. Two Mountains wouldn't have taken her otherwise. Why, why all this restraint?——.

There went the child gaily hopping and jumping and gurgling with unbounded delight as the hoop frisked away before him. But suddenly he fell, and lay curiously twisted and still, while the hoop circled about him like a duck around its fallen mate.

Ermintrude Ellen was horror-stricken as she watched other observers gather up the lifeless form and carry it tenderly away.

"Poor kid!" she heard one of the followers say. "A tiny rock pierced his skull. I saw the doctor——."

"Yes," said another, a *very* learned man, "and I recognize the rock as being volcanic, and from the active volcano, Stromboli, in Europe. Marvellous that it should carry——."

Ermintrude Ellen turned from the window with a shudder. "Marvellous indeed," she thought—but for another reason. "It might have been me! It might have been me!" she breathed. "How thankful I am to have people who care for me sufficiently to see that after 8 p.m. I have a roof over me for protection!"

Moral: to be filled in *ad libitum.*

—Daphne.

The Magazine Board Tea

ON April 31, the Magazine Board surpassed itself by giving a thé dansant to those students who had made unsolicited contributions to their publication.

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra were, unfortunately, not present.

The dance was held in the small reception room, and the place was not crowded: tea was served on the windowsill.

The opening Paul Jones was unnecessary, so the ladies on the Board danced with the men thereon, and vice versa, which was not strange, but imperative.

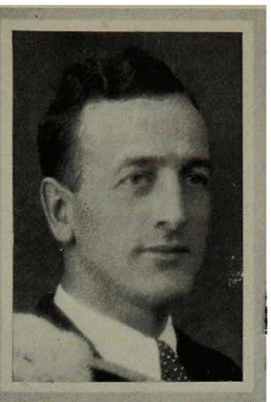
Towards the end of the festivities a knock was heard on the door. Enquiry showed a middle-aged man who insisted that he had written something for the magazine while crossing to the blockade of Zeebrugge—a spurious claim. As he was leaving, a member of the girls' residence presented herself as being a contributor of unsolicited material to our first issue. Which, of course, was absurd, and the dance broke up in a riot.

* * *

At a meeting held to elect officers for the next college year, the following were chosen to fill the positions indicated:

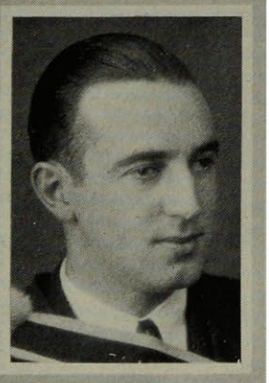
President of the Students' Council ..... S. D. Hemsley
President of the Literary and Debating Soc..... H. A. U. Monro
President of the Men's Athletic Association..... J. R. Macdonald
Vice-Pres. of the Men's Athletic Association ..... B. J. Finn

Bachelors of Scientific Agriculture



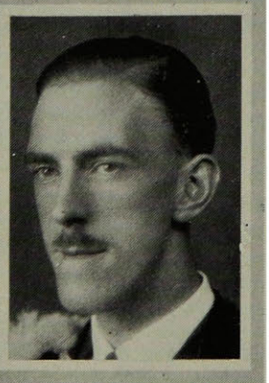
BEACH, NORMAN H.

Born March 28, 1905, at Cowansville, Que. Educated at Cowansville and Westmount High. Discovered Macdonald 1927. Activities: Secretary Students' Council; President Social Activities 1930-'31; Stonehouse Memorial and Sir Edward D. Stern Challenge Trophies for Livestock Judging 1930-'31. Pres. Students' Council 1931-'32. Option: Animal husbandry. Hobby: Fussing. Favourite expression: That's a sweet kind of a heifer.



CAMERON, C. D. TAFT

Born at River Deny's, N.S., Dec. 13, 1908. Educated locally, attended Nova Scotia Agricultural College, completing course at Macdonald. Activities: Member House Committee, 1930-'31, 1931-'32. Vice-Pres. Economics Club, 1931-'32. Pastime: Trying to sing. Favourite expression: She's a going thing, fellows.

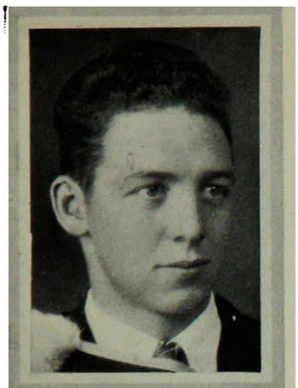


EAVES, CHARLES ALBERT

Born February 20, 1908, at Liverpool, Eng. Exposed to education at Wallasey, Cheshire. Migrated to Canada 1926. Honoured with diploma 1928, but sought further laurels in Degree Course. Activities: Pres. of Literature and Debating Society; Macdonald Soccer Team; Annual Board 1931. Vice-Pres. Biology Club. Interclass debating. Hobby: Plays. Favourite expression: True, O King, true!

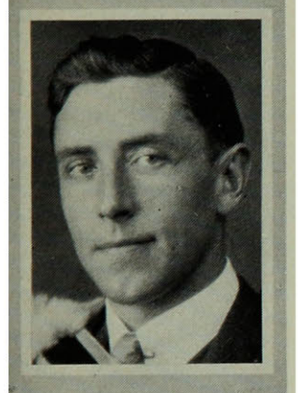
FINLAYSON, DUNCAN ARCHIBALD

Born October 11, 1909, at Ormstown, Que. Educated at Ormstown and Huntingdon High Schools. Arrived at Macdonald in 1928. Activities: Rugby 1929-'31; Baseball 1930-'31. Hockey manager 1930-'31. Pres. Athletic Association 1931-'32. Live Stock Judging Team 1930-'31. Hobby: Eating. Favourite expression: Well—I don't know! Option: Animal husbandry.



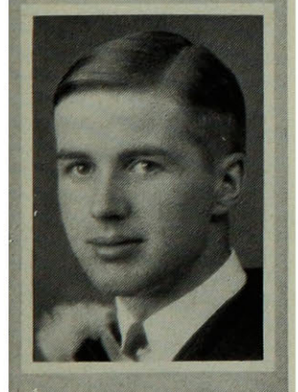
GIBB, GEORGE WILLIAM

Born at Abbotsford, Que., August 1, 1909. Educated at Abbotsford Public and Granby High School. Entered Macdonald College in 1928. Activities: Rugby 1929-'31. Wrestling 1929-'30. Manager of Interclass games 1931-'32. Hobby: Looking for roughage. Favourite expression: She's got the goods. Option: Horticulture.



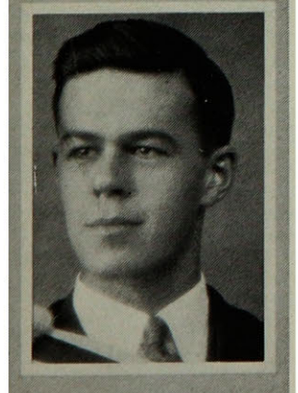
GILBERT, HAROLD ADRIAN

Born October 28, 1902, at Valparaiso, Chile. Educated at Westminster School, London, England. Spent three years in New Zealand, and came to Canada in 1919. Attended O.A.C. 1928-'31. Entered Macdonald 1931. Member House Committee, Soccer team and manager of badminton, 1931. First love: Entomology. Favourite exhalation: Now, academically speaking . . . . . ! !



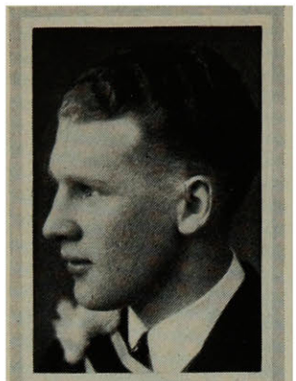
GRIFFITHS, HENRY JOSEPH

Born July 4, 1910, at Cambridge, England. Educated at Aldenham School. Migrated to Canada 1927. Attended N.S. Agricultural College then shifted to Macdonald. Option: Animal husbandry—Parasitology. Soccer 1930-'31. Class secretary. Hobbies: Birds and bees and bright eyes—heavy on the bright eyes. Favourite expression: Let's talk about women.



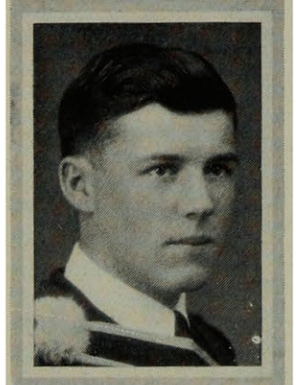
HUNTER, ALBERT WILLIAM SMITH.

Born May 11, 1910, at Hamilton, Ont. Moved to Lachine and educated at Lachine High School. Arrived at Macdonald in 1928. Activitis: Rugby 1929-'31. Basketball manager 1930-'31, 1931-'32. Class secretary 1928-'31. Treas. Students' Council 1931-'32. Hobby: Stamps. Favourite expression: Oh, able to be about, thanks! Option: Horticulture.



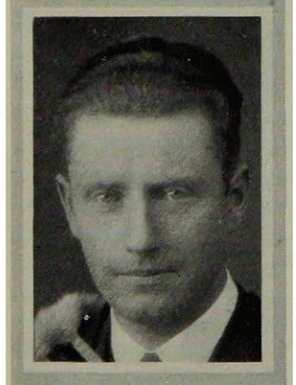
McCULLOUGH, WILFRID BERTRAM

Born Septembr 18, 1909, at Birdton, N.B. Educated at Keswick Ridge Superior School. Attended N.S. Agricultural College and then came to Macdonald to join Agriculture '32. Option: Plant Pathology. Hobby: Motorcycling. Favourite expression: She's the right power.



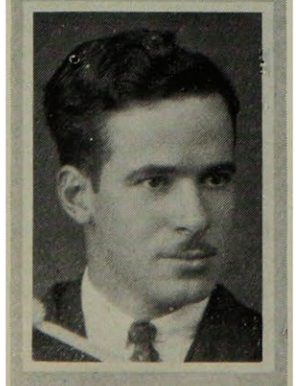
McGIBBON, WILLIAM HENRY

Born March 29, 1911, at Moore's Mills, N.B. Educated at Mt. Stephen High School, and then migrated to N.S. Agricultural Colleg. Decided to come to Macdonald to graduate with Class '32. Option: Poultry husbandry. Hobby: Fussing hens. Favourite expression: Well, I must be about my business.



MACDONALD, ALEXANDER JOHN

Born at Glenora, N.S., December 3, 1904. Studied at St. Francois-Xavier University, switched to N.S. Agricultural College at Truro. Joined Class '32 at Macdonald. Activities: Class Pres. 1930-'31, 1931-'32. Pres. Men's House Committee, 1931-'32. Pres. Economics Club, 1931-'32. Pastime: Sleeping. Favourite expression: Get going, fellows.

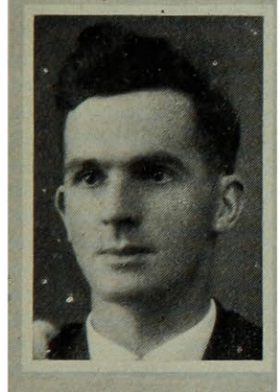


MACLEOD, NORMAN ROBERT

Happened September 20, 1908, at Jersey City, N.J. Migrated to Canada 1914. Acquired the rudiments of knowledge at St. Francis College Richmond, Que. After two years of "back to the land" came to Macdonald in '28. Class Pres. 1928-'29. Hobbies: Varied. Dietetics in 1931. Favourite expression: Hell, no. Option: Entomology.

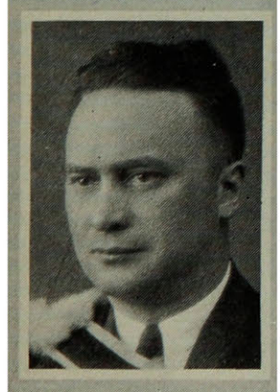
MATHESON, JANIE BELL

Born March 5, 1911, Johannesburg, South Africa. Early education received at Pictou Academy and the Nova Scotia Agricultural College. Janie, the Vice-President of her class, is a good little sport; skates, skiis and picnics. She has a rare combination of practical and artistic ability. Favourite expression: I don't know. Pet aversion: Worrying.



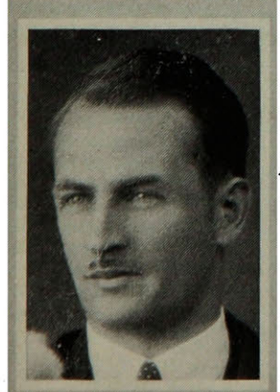
MAXWELL, CHARLES WILMOT BROWN

Born in Malden, Mass., Feb. 2, 1904. Migrated at an early age to Fredericton, N.B., where he has lived ever since. Took two years at the Nova Scotia Agriculture College; entered Mac. in 1930. Charlie is specializing in entomology and has been employed at the Federal Entomological Laboratory since 1925. Favourite expression: I'll be absolutely damned.



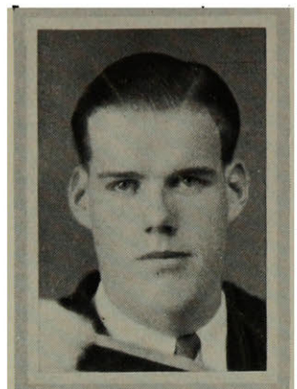
NESBITT, HARVEY WATSON

Born November 11, 1896, at Inkerman, Ont. School days at Winchester, Ont. Came to Macdonald 1915. Overseas attached to Princess Pat's. Returned to Macdonald, Class '32. Hobby: Chickens you eat, not the ones you have to treat. Favourite expression: Have you had ample solutions, fellas?



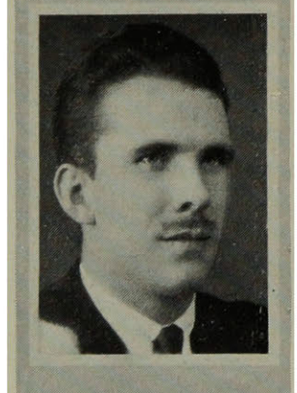
RIORDON, HERMAN ALOYSIUS

Born August 14, 1906, at Bathrust, N.B. Educated at St. Thomas's College, Dalhousie, and N.S. Agricultural College. Completed fourth year at Macdonald taking Economics Horticulture. Activities: Hockey, basketball, baseball 1930-'31. Soccer 1930. Track meet manager 1931. Hobbies: Reading sports page and after dinner sleeping. Favourite expression: You dirty ——, you.



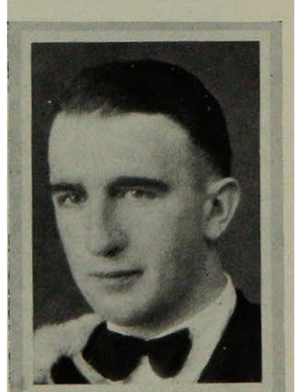
STOTHART, JOHN GILMOUR

Born August 13, 1911, at Newcastle, N.B. Educated Harkins High, N.S. Agricultural College. Came to Mac in 1930. Won Danforth Scholarship 1931. Activities: Hockey, football, basketball, baseball 1930-'32. Cup for aggregate at college track meets 1930-'31. Member of Stock Judging Team. Medallist Toronto Royal, 1930. Hobby: Changing women. Favourite saying: Let's get going, gang.



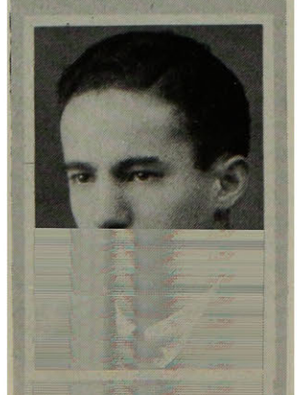
SUTHERLAND, JAMES ROBERT GORDON

Occurred: July 4, 1911, St. Catharines, Ont. Improved: Georgetown High School, St. Catharines Collegiate. Cultivated: Ontario Agricultural College. Deported: Guelph, 1931. Imported: Macdonald, 1931. Activities: Rugby aspirant. Hobby: Hitch-hiking. Favourite expression: (Deleted by Censor).



TURNER, ROBERT CHAPMAN

Born April 5, 1910, at Dorchester, N.B. Educated Dorchester High, Nova Scotia Agricultural College, Truro. Came to Macdonald in 1930 to learn what chemistry he could. Decided against graduating in 1931 and chose the class of '32. Activities: Economics Club; Football, 1931. Hobby: Doing something—almost anything. Saying: Not so bad.



WOLFE, LEWIS

Born September 25, 1907, at Montreal. Graduated from Montreal High School in 1925. After three years of travel, entered Macdonald College in 1928. Activities: Class Debating Team asketball 1928-'29-'30. Inwrestling champion 1929- cs. Favourite expression: ile.

Bachelors of Household Science

AIRD, DOROTHY MILDRED (Dot)

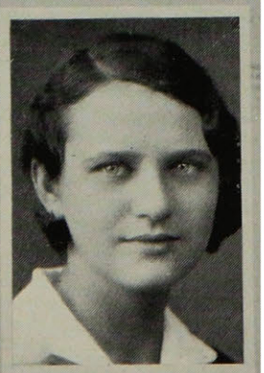
Born December 6, 1911, at Montreal. Moved to Montreal West at an early age. Educated at Montreal West High School and entered McGill in 1928, but left for Macdonald in 1930. Hobby: Lunch at Eaton's. Pet aversion: Getting up early. Favourite expression: Now I ask you.

CREMIN, MARJORIE NORA

Born May 28, 1910, at Fredericton. Educated Fredericton High and Provincial Normal Schools. Took two years Arts at U.N.B. and arrived at Mac. in the fall of 1930. Favourite expression: You've got a hope! Pet aversion: Chemistry tests. Hobby; Canoeing.

HIGGINSON, MILDRED EILEEN

Blew into Montreal on March 8, 1911. Educated at Montreal West High School. Entered McGill with the class of Arts '32, but left for Mac. two years later. Class President 1930-'31. Vice-Pres. House Committee, 1930-'31. Favourite expression: Referred to readers. Pet aversion: Answering questions. Hobby: Asking questions.



JOHNSTON, VIVIAN JOYCE

Born December 21, 1910, at Leonard, Ont. Educated at Navan Continuation and Napean High Schools. After a year at Queen's, came to Mac. Won her letters on 1930-'31 basketball team. Hobby: Leading the class. Favourite expression: Let's hurry up and get this done.

LANGFORD, ELEANOR STUART

Born October 19, 1910, at Vancouver. Lived at Agassiz, Rossland, and Calgary, then at Oshawa, and, finally, came to Montreal. After attending Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, and Trafalgar Institute she continued her education at McGill University and Macdonald College. Vice-Pres. Students' Council 1931-'32. A willing worker, Eleanor will achieve success. Favourite expression: You twit.

LECKY, ELIZABETH MARY (Betty)

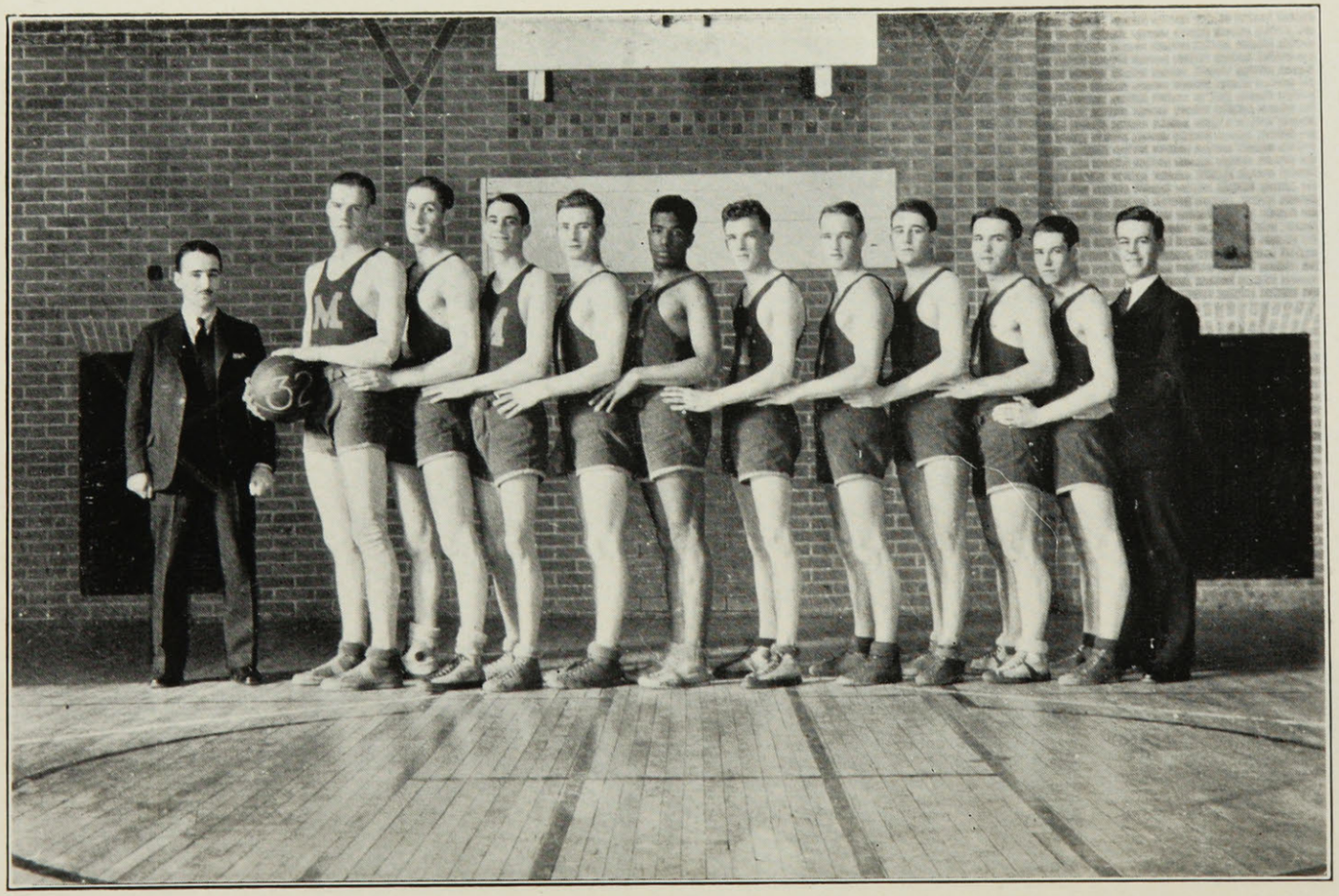
Started life in Montreal, June 21, 1910. Sampled Ottawa, Toronto, and Winnipeg, matriculating in the latter city. Spent a year abroad attending Miss Penrose School in Florence, Italy. Returned and entered McGill in 1928. Thence to Macdonald College in 1930. Activities: President of class 1931-'32. Hobby: Horses. Favourite expression: That's the spirit.

LIPSEY, MARJORY CATHERINE

Born March 4, 1911, at Thetford Mines, Que. Educated at Thetford H.S. and Stanstead College, whence she migrated to McGill, and left soon after for Mac. with the housekeepers. Hobby: Watching and waiting for the other half of the picture. Pet aversion: Anything feline. Favourite expression: Let me sleep.

PHILLIPS, MARGARET MURIEL

Born Fredericton, May 16, 1908. From Fredericton High School to University of New Brunswick, thence, with B.A. to Macdonald College for that finishing touch—Household Science. Marg's rare sense of humour needs no finishing touches, however. Hobby: Kidding anybody and everybody. Pet aversion: Lights out with a letter not finished. Favourite expression: . . . . . ought to be shot!



THE BASKETBALL TEAM — INTER-FACULTY CHAMPIONS

Institutional Administrators

TYSON, MARY WILHELMINA (Molly)

Born September 28th, 1912, in Wiarton. Attended Wiarton High School—thence to Macdonald. Activities: House Committee, '31-'32. Favourite expression: "Curses and swears." Hobby: Organizing class activities. Pet aversion: Trying to write letters after lights out at 11 p.m.

ALLEN, MARGARET JEAN

Arrived in Ottawa May 27th, 1911. Attended Ottawa Ladies' College for 11 years and eventually decided to come to Mac. in 1930. Activities: Sec.-Treas. of '30 class; Treas. of Girls' Athletics '30-'31; Students' Council Rep. '31-'32; Vice-Pres. Lit. & Deb. '31-'32. Favourite expression: "I know—but." Hobby: Long walks. Pet aversion: Decimal points.

CHERNIN, RONNA

First saw the light of day on June 15th, 1910, at Glace Bay. For lack of anything better to do went to Glace Bay High School—then to business college. Was a lady of leisure for awhile and then came to Mac. Waited out a year and returned to graduate with us. Favourite expression: "Imagine my emb-arr-asment." Hobby: Washing microscopes under the tap! and taking sulphur and molasses for that tired spring feeling. Pet avrsions: Mice and nitric acid.

PALMER, ELMA FLORENCE

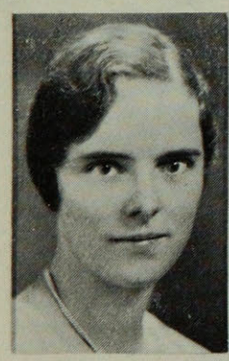
Reached the South Shore February 23rd, 1909. Went to St. Lambert's High School—then to McGill for a year. Took Mac. in three doses, finally decided to graduate with us. Activities: Sec. Treas. Class '32. Favourite expression: "Make a memo of it." Hobby: Quoting poetry. Pet aversion: Mac on Saturdays.

WRIGHT, MARY ALICE

Born in Brockville, March 4th, 1908. Shared honours at Brockville Collegiate Institute with Ev., and followed her example and came to Mac. in 1930. Favourite expression: "Has anybody done any work?" Hobby: Buying the latest magazine. Pet aversion: Being left alone in her room.

PEACH, MARY

Was a belated Christmas present to Calgary—came to town December 26, 1910. Went to South Calgary High School, Stoneygate College, Leicester, England, and then back to Canada. Came to Mac. in 1930. Activities: Students' Council '30-'31; House Committee '31-'32; President House Committee '32. Favourite expression: "Damn!" Hobby: Being loyal to "Macdonald"! Pet aversion: Waiting for people.



McKENZIE, EVELYN MARION

Born in Brockville, May 22nd, 1908. Went to Brockville Collegiate Institute and then in 1927 to Macdonald for Homemaker Course. Returned again in 1930 to join the Ads. Activities: Vice-Pres. House Committee '31; Pres. House Committee Fall '31. Favourite expression: "Oh, help." Hobby: Skating parties. Pet aversion: Getting up before breakfast bell.

MAITLAND, FRANCES PATRICIA

Born in Vancouver, B.C., Sept. 21st, 1912. Went to Crofton House School and King Edward High School. Lured east by Macdonald's fame to join the Senior Ads. Activities: Pres. Girls' Athletics '31; House Committee '31; Badminton Singles Champion '31. Favourite expression: "Now let me tell you." Hobby: Light signals and thermos bottles! Pet aversion: Shortbread.

BROWNE, RUTH SHIRLEY

Born in Ottawa Feb. 8th, 1910. Attended St. Hilda's School and Glebe Collegiate. Came to Mac. in 1930. Activities: Rep. for Girls' Athletics '30-'31; Captain of Junior Basketball Team '31; Prize winner oratorical contest '32. Favourite expression: "Oh, dear." Hobby: Meeting? Pet aversion: Chloroform—June bugs—and sophisticated people.

KING, FRANCES MARGARET

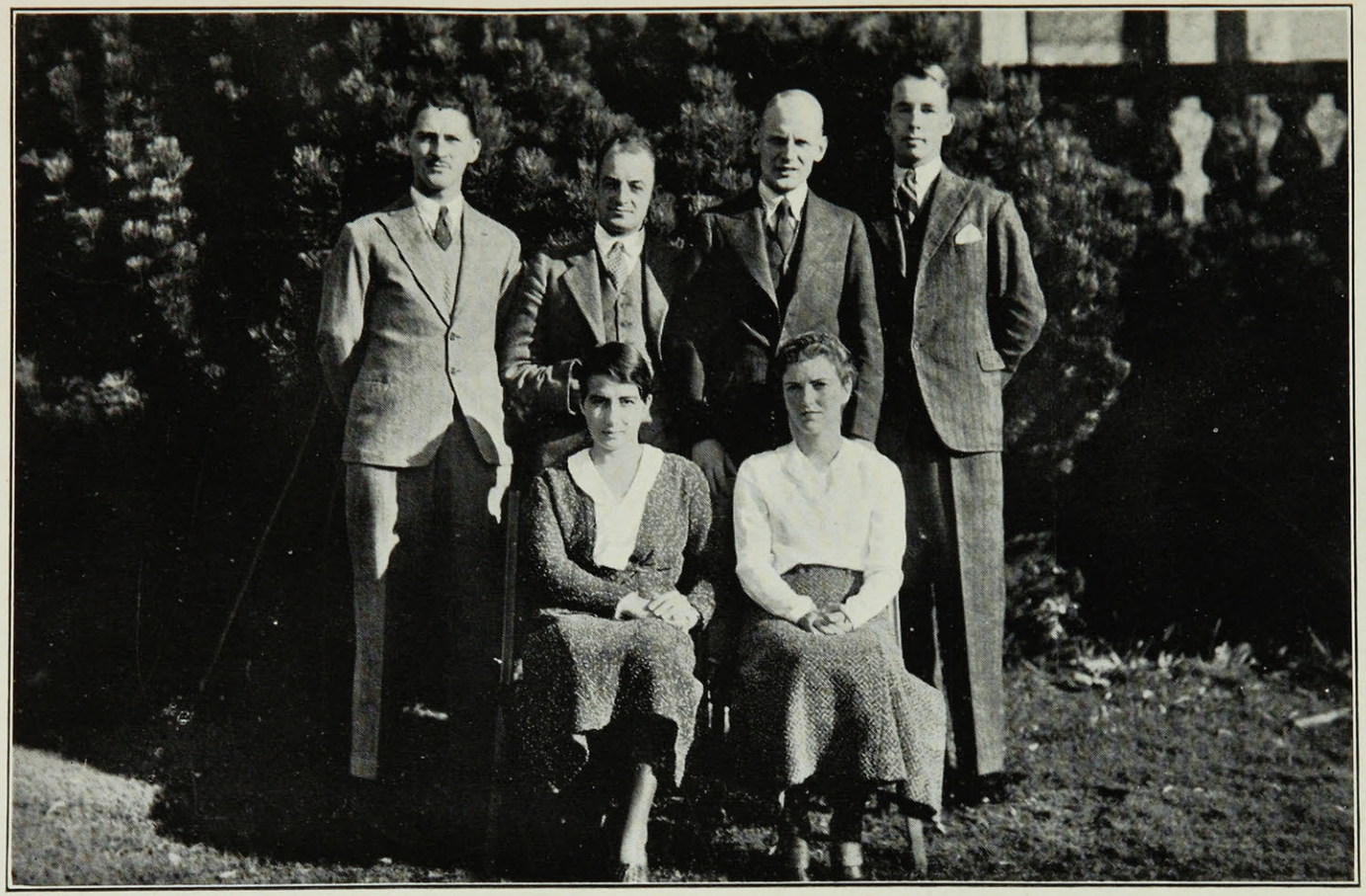
Came to Ottawa February 11th, 1911. Was a shining light at model school, Lisgar Collegiate, and Mrs. Acres School. Thence to Mac. Activities: Class President '32. Favourite expression: "Kiss me, Horace," and "What have I done now?" Hobby: Maple syrup! Pet aversion: Small blondes.

AULD LANG SYNE

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

—ROBERT BURNS.



THE MAGAZINE BOARD

THE HOMEMAKERS

On March 25th we were delighted to welcome the Hart House String Quartette at the College.

Their charmingly chosen programme appealed to the entire audience, and a nice gesture was made when the quartette played two French-Canadian Folk Songs as a compliment to Mr. Gibbon for his interest in *habitant* affairs.

We trust that the quartette's desire of stimulating home interest in better music will be realized. Surely no better ambassadors could be wished for.

* * *

There was an old maid of Japan,
Whose limericks never would scan;
When asked why 'twas so
She replied: "Don't you know?
I always try to get as many words into the last line as I possibly can."

CAMPUS NOTES

WE would state that college rules and regulations prevent the publication of campus notes of *real* interest to the students, Executive Committee, Faculty, and Superintendent of Residences. We would like to report, for instance, that Miss Sheeza Korker went for an aeroplane ride with a tall, dark man from Arizona, and landed, so as not to attract attention, in a hog pen back o' the old barn. But we won't.

* * *

With the advent of Spring (that charming season) how delightful it is to see our girls refreshing themselves after a day's lectures and fortifying themselves for a night of study by spending the last few hours of daylight in an invigorating drive in an open car, or by playing a few holes of golf on their campus, or, perhaps, by watching from an idling canoe the sun (that fiery orb), sink into cooling rest behind the Corporation Gas Works.

* * *

Today's Great Thought. "Blessed is 'im wot 'as an himagination."—Euripides.

* * *

Miss Ima Lollypop and 249 more of the younger set were not out after 8 p.m. last week.

* * *

The girls made ambitious arrangements for a regatta on the lake yesterday. Entries in all events were very numerous, and the subsequent dinner-dance was an indication of the organizing ability of our young ladies.

Unfortunately rain, among other things, prevented the programme from even beginning.

* * *

Mr. Heeza Hummagh, of the Graduating Class, has employment for the whole summer. Congratulations, Heeza, how's your sister?

* * *

Students away from the college will be interested to hear of sudden and unexpected changes on the campus resulting from the Month of May Celebrations of Vixon, of the Dynamite Squad.

The Chemistry building is, alas, no more; the Biology building is razed to the ground, and the Main building is reduced to a shambles. So far the residences are intact, but the water-tower has a nasty lean, so things are looking bad for the power-house.

Vixon fishes in the evenings.

* * *

Miss Leighton-Airy received a hamper from home yesterday, but was for forestalled by the Junior Ads and a few Homemakers—as might be expected. —Fleurette.

ON KISSING

The following article, reprinted from the "Tech Flash," appeared originally in the "Emory Phoenix" in 1895. *Maybe the gay '90's have a message for some of us—and maybe not.*

"KISSING is, or should be made, one of the fine arts. While there is no immediate danger of its becoming one of the lost arts, or even lapsing into innocuous desuetude, still it is just as well to do what we can to keep it up as an art standard. For heaven's sake don't make a business of it, and don't jump at it with your hat in one hand and your overshoes in the other. Don't pounce down on a woman's lips as you would on a piece of watermelon, or a ripe tomato, and bend her head back until you hear the bones crack in the back of her neck. Don't glue your face to hers and have a good time all to yourself while you're flattening her nose on one of your cheeks. Don't take her by both ears and look into her eyes and try to grab it quick; you are sure to bump noses. These are a few of the things to avoid. A few general rules will now be given which may at all times be safely observed.

"Stand a little bit behind her, just on the right side. Place your left arm diagonally about her form, extending from her right shoulder down to and partially around her waist until the ends of your fingers touch her belt buckle. If she doesn't wear a belt buckle, the arm will get there just the same. Take it easy; don't get excited. Take your right hand and gently brush the golden ringlets from the left side of her alabaster brow, looking meantime into the liquid depths of her azure eyes. Take it easy.

"Don't get excited. Let your hand rest gently for a moment on the warm velvet of her pink and white left cheek. Then gently work the muscles of the right arm until her right cheek rests firmly on your left shoulder, just over the watch pocket. Take it easy; don't be in a hurry; it'll keep. Send a little energy along the line of the left arm. Now stand still as long as you can. Then remove your right hand from her left cheek, letting it drop gently under her chin. Work muscles of your right arm gently. Take it easy; don't hurry. As the chin rises, work neck muscles and let your head fall gently forward. Now a little more action down the left arm, and as the ripe lips, like twin rose-buds, part, revealing pearly gates behind, through which there steals the warm, sweet perfume of her fragrant breath, then—well, you know the rest as well as I do—only take it easy; don't hurry; it can't get away, and it would not if it could."

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

FINAL DEBATE

ON Wednesday, March 20th, the final debate for the Robertson Shield was held, the Seniors and Sophomores being the contestants. The subject, "Resolved that the Back to the Land Movement is not in the Best Interests of Canada," lent itself to good discussion on a point of topical interest. The Seniors—Beach and MacDonald (A), took the affirmative. Williams and MacDonald (R) opposed them.

Beach had an easy and attractive platform manner and presented a sound argument. The advantage of having spoken often in the hall was apparent; his points were forcibly made and easily listened to.

Macdonald (A) spoke up well and seemed to have plenty of material, but it is extremely difficult to hold the attention of an audience with statistical facts.

MacDonald (R) appeared a little nervous, but, considering it was his first appearance on the Macdonald stage, he bore up well. He must learn, though, how difficult it is to make oneself heard in the Assembly Hall.

Williams added a welcome element of humour, and was quite the brightest speaker. His enthusiasm, though, led him into making some rather rash statements.

The judges seemed to express the opinion of the House in awarding the debate to the Seniors.

TEACHER - SCIENCE DEBATE

TWO weeks after the Teacher-Science Debate I was asked for my impressions.

The only impression that has persisted throughout the interim is that all the speeches showed too little thought and preparation. The subject for debate—a most commendable choice—was a theme bristling with possibilities, and deserved, I think, greater consideration than it received.

For some time past I have been wondering why Macdonald students no longer give of their best to the debates. In "the good old days," the boy or girl who was elected to debate took the responsibility most seriously, and no effort was too great. Visits to libraries, interviews, burning the midnight oil, reflection and meditation,—all these and more went into every debating effort. Fathers and uncles, mothers and aunts, brothers, lovers, sisters and cousins came to listen to these debates.

But the old order has changed. Today the Literary

Society is a many-sided institution. Programmes are more comprehensive than ever before, and are of a very high order. But it would seem that in its widened interests, its first love, the debate, has been rather neglected for new loves.

For the comfort of the girls who took part in the debate "under fire," I will say that several persons have told me that the Teacher-Science debate was the best debate of the year.

It was the only debate I heard. And if "several persons" are right, then I can only express regret that the debating art is no longer wooed by the Macdonald Literary Society.

—Mabel Barton.

Mrs. Barton raises a point which, we think, might well receive the serious consideration of the Literary and Debating Society: the question of whether or not it is time that the system of debating at College came up for review and revision. The Society cannot be blamed for the lethargy of the students towards an arranged programme of debates; but maybe a means of making the contests more pleasing to both participants and audience might be found.

ARMS AND THE MAN

THE Macdonald audience has shown, for the past few years, a decided preference for dramatic presentations of broad comedy type.

It seems that a farce will always be a success, provided that a modicum of care is taken in its production. But a Literary Society should have a higher ideal than following a well-travelled, safe highway. It was therefore a pleasant surprise to find the Lit. attempting (and succeeding in) the production of Shaw's *Arms and The Man.* It is those people spirited enough to assist in dramatics who should benefit most by the presentations: the Society is first for those actively interested; the audience is merely incidental.

We were introduced to many newcomers to the Macdonald stage. Some have still to learn the mysteries of the acoustics of our hall, but all deserve credit for the manner in which they held our interest. Coleman, as Bluntschli, was especially good, and seemed quite at home in a part which demanded no faltering. Miss Smith, as Raina, had a difficult part which she handled well. She was best in the scenes with her mother, played admirably by Miss Borodensky. Stevens was quite an impressive Sergius, but had a tendency to pose stiffly and oddly when near the wings. Miss McKergow was most captivating, and Waterfield had a very good understanding of his part, but must remember, with Bovell, how difficult it is to be heard in the hall.

Those responsible for the scenery are to be congratulated. The effects were excellent, and the difficult changes were made in very good time. People appreciate all too little the difficulties of those behind the scenes.

Mr. Eaves, as chooser and producer of the play, deserves much credit for having made a bold, but successful, move.

Indoor Games

THIS year the Post Grads added competition to the indoor games championships, and emphasized the fact by winning the shield. They were beaten only once—by the Juniors at Basketball—but in Volleyball they were unrivaled.

The institution of Volleyball in place of Baseball seems to be popular, but it is questionable whether it should rank equally with Basketball in the championships. It would be interesting to discuss the "indoor" situation at the beginning of next term. If all the privately voiced opinions of last winter were given openly at a meeting, some method might be evolved of including minor sports for the benefit of those who do not play on the basketball teams.

The Men's Swimming Meet

ON Tuesday, March 22nd, the men's swimming meet was held. This meet is usually very popular, but this year there was a falling off in entries. However, enthusiasm made amends, and keen competition resulted in a very enjoyable evening for both participants and spectators. It is to be hoped, though, that Dean Barton's plea for more, and still more, interest in swimming will bring an active response for future meets.

Here we would make a suggestion which we think might stimulate interest in swimming at the college: that the present system of each residence having a separate meet be abolished except for the swimming of heats; but that the finals be held at a combined "splash-night" to be held in the women's tank, with attendance restricted to those who have shown an active interest in the sport.

Faulkner swam exceptionally well, and broke one record —the three lengths back stroke. Altogether he won five events for the championship. Innis was runner-up.

The complete results were as follows:

150 yds. Free Style	1, Faulkner; 2, Innis; 3, Gibb (G).
50 yds. Free Style	1, Faulkner; 2, Innis; 3, Hemsley.
Long Distance Plunge	1, Faulkner; 2, Cameron (D); 3, Hemsley.
50 yds. Back Stroke	1, Faulkner; 2, Savile; 3, Cardinal.
100 yds. Free Style	1, Faulkner; 2, Innis; 3, Gibb (G).
Novelty Race	1, Innis; 2, Hudston; 3, Taylor.
100 yds. Breast Stroke	1, Cameron (D); 2, Gilbert; 3, Savile.
Plate Diving	1, Shewell; 2, Cardinal; 3, Hudston.
Class Relay	1, Post-Grads; 2, Juniors; 3, Freshmen

In Lighter Vein

Prof. André: "How do you say 'these eyes' in French?"
Prof X.: "Ces oeufs."
Prof. André: "Ces yeux."
Prof. X.: "Yeah, says me."

* * *

Bill '34: "I could never be as big a fool as you, Sid."
Sid '34: "No, your size is against you."

* * *

B.H.S.: "Boy, she certainly gave you a dirty look."
B.S.A.: "Who did?"
B.H.S.: "Mother Nature."

* * *

She: "Did you ever love another girl like you do me?"
He: "I should say not. I would be broke if I had."

* * *

Elsie: "Can I go into the park through that gate?"
? ? ?: "I guess so. I just saw a load of hay go through.

* * *

Freshman: "You should put a copy of that essay of yours in the library."
Freshette: "Too late; there's one there already."

* * *

Canvasser: "Will you give me ten cents to help the Young Ladies' Home?"
Miss Ru-s-ll: "What! Are they out again?"

* * *

Aggie 1: "Did you fill your date last night?"
Aggie 2: "Yeah, and it took three orders to do it."

* * *

Ned P.: "I would like to see a pair of shoes that would fit my feet."
Salesman: "So would I."

COMPETITION

THE ABOVE PIECES CANNOT BE FITTED TOGETHER TO FORM A GIRAFFE DRINKING AT A WATER-HOLE

SO DON'T TRY

USE YOUR TIME THINKING OUT IMPROVEMENTS FOR YOUR MAGAZINE, OR EVEN (HUSH!) TRY WRITING SOMETHING. YOUR NEXT EDITOR WILL BE DELIGHTED.

$500.00

given for articles worth it*

*But not by us—Ed.

THE ONLY OMISSION

HAVING thought everything over with great care, the professor decided that, for once in his life, he had forgotten nothing.

His appointment with the great financier had been fixed for 10 a.m., and it yet wanted five minutes to the hour. He had not overlooked the necessity for going over in his mind the main points of the little speech which he had prepared; how his invention would be of incalculable value to mankind, and how it would need but a tiny fraction of the great man's wealth to finance it.

The plans and papers relating to the invention were packed snugly in his attaché case, where he had had the forethought to place them the night before, to minimise the risk of his forgetting them.

Yet there was something missing. He was sure that some vital point had slipped his memory, but he couldn't for the life of him think what it was.

Then, as the clock boomed out the hour of ten, it came back to him. He had forgotten to get up.

—London Opinion.

* * *

Sidaway is to be thanked for the ungrudging manner in which he has used his artistic talent to assist various student activities this year. The Literary and Debating Society, the Magazine, and the Formals have all benefitted by his ready support.

* * *

Our hats are off to the artistic scientist who finishes all his microscope slides with a nice cloud effect.

* * *

When half the second differential of f(x) equals twice the area of the anterior articulating zygapophyses of a Holstein cow in Lat. 81:23:35, Long. 43:42:41, and the standard deviation of the Desert of Gobi is as inconstant as a Merry Wife of Windsor, while Zanzibar is a charming place pink on the map, you will know that you are: (a) Not getting enough sleep; (b) Taking too intensive a course. Or it may be the Editor looking for a filler.